

humiliating to the self-esteem of the architect—he is ashamed of the fragility of the material, and, as he considers himself more important than the rest of the world, he would fain construct nothing that is less durable than the rest of the world. In his longing for truth he embraces the belief in a personal Immortality, the most arrogant and defiant idea that exists, closely allied as it is to the underlying thought, *per eat mundus dum ego salvus sim!* His work has become his "ego," he transforms himself into the Imperishable with its universal challenge. It is his immeasurable pride that will only employ the best and hardest stones for the work—truths,¹ or what he holds for such. Arrogance has always been justly called the "vice of the sage"; yet without this vice, fruitful in impulses, Truth and her status on earth would be in a parlous plight. In our propensity to fear our thoughts, concepts and words, and yet to honour ourselves in them, unconsciously to ascribe to them the power of rewarding, despising, praising, and blaming us, and so to associate with them as with free intellectual personalities, as with independent powers, as with our equals—herein lie the roots of the remarkable phenomenon which I have called "intellectual conscience." Thus something of the highest moral species has bloomed from a black root.

27.

THE OBSCURANTISTS.—The essential feature of the black art of obscurantism is not its intention of clouding the brain, but its attempt to darken